

A pleasant Song made by a Souldier, whose bringing up had been dainty: and partly by those affections of his unbridled youth, is now beaten with his own rod; and therefore termeth this his Repentance, or, the fall of Folly,

To an excellent tune, called, *Calino*.



In Summer time when Phoebus rapes
Did eber each mortall mans delight,
Increasing of the chearfull dayes,
and cutting of the darksome nights:
When Nature brought forth every thing,
By just return of April showers,
To make the pleasant Branches spring
with sundry sorts of herbs and flowers.
It was my chance to walk abroad,
To view Dame Natures new come brood,
The pretty Birds did lay on load
with sugred tunes in every wood:
The gallant Nightingale did set
Her speckled breast against a Wyer,
Whose mournfull tunes bewail (as yet)
her brother Tereus false desire.
The Serpents having cast their coats,
Lay listening how the Birds did sing,
The pretty Birds with sugred notes,
did wel come in the pleasant Spring:
I drew me to the Green-wood side,
To hear this Countrey harmony,
Whereas er'e long I had espy'd
a woeful man in misery.
He lay along upon the ground
And to the Heavens he cast his eye,
The bordering Hills and Dales resound
the eccho's of his piteous cry:
He wailing sore, and sighing sad,
Oh Heavens what endlesse grief have I:
Why are my sorrowous thus delaid,
come therefore death and let me die.
When Nature first had made my frame,
And set me loose when she had done,
Steps Fortune in that fickle Dams,
to end what Nature had begun.

Printed for F. Coles, J. Wright, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson,

She set my feet upon her knee,
And blest my tender age with store,
But in the end she did agree
to mar what she had made before.
I could no longer creep alone:
But she forsook her fostered child,
I had no lands to live upon,
But trac'd abroad the world so wilde.

At length I fell in company
With gallant Pouths of Mars his train,
I spent my life in jeopardy,
and got my labour for my pain:
I watched on the sieged walls
In thunder, lightning, rain and snow,
And oft being shot with powdered Balls,
whose costly marks are yet to show.

When all my kindred took their rest
At home in many a stately Bed,
The ground and pavement was my nest,
my Flask a pillow for my head:
My meat was such as I could get,
Of Rots and Herbs of sundry sorts,
Which did content my hungry mind,
although my commons were but short.

My powder serv'd to salt my meat,
My Purzion for a gilded Cup,
Whereas such drink as I could get,
In Spring or Ditch I drank it up:
My Rapier alwayes by my side,
My Piece lay charg'd with match & light,
Thus many a month I did abide
to ward all day and watch by night.

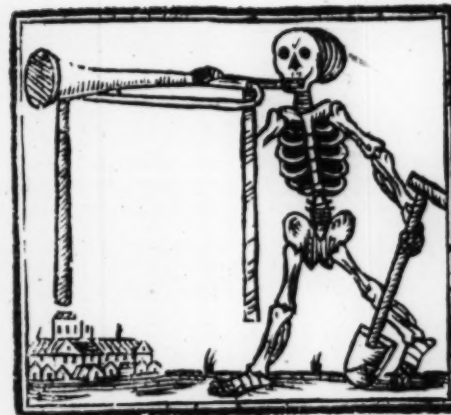
I lived in this glorious vain,
Until my limbs grew stiffe and lame,
And thus I got me home again,
regarding no such costly fame:
When I came home I made a proof
What friends would do if need should be,
My nearest kinsfolks lookt aloof,
as though they had forgotten me.

And as the Owl by chattering charms
Is wond'ring at of other Birds,
So they came wond'ring at my harms,
and yeld me no relief but words:
Thus do I want while they have store,
What am their equal every way,
Though fortune lent them somewhat more,
else had I been as good as they.

Come gentle Death and end my grief,
Pee pretty Birds ring forth my knell,
Let Robin red-breast be the chief
to bury me and so farewell.
Let no good Souldier be dismayd
To fight in Field with courage bold,
Yet mark the words that I have said,
trust not to friends when thou art old.

The dolefull Dance and Song of Death; Intituled, Dance after my Pipe,

To a pleasant new tune.



Assure your selves no creature can
Make death affraid of any man,
Or know my coming where or when.

Where be they y make their leaves strong,
and joyne about them land to land?
Do you make account to live so long,
to have the world come to your hand?
Do foolish novle, for all thy pence,
Full soon thy soul must needs go hence,
Then who shall toyl for thy defence?

And you that lean on your Ladies Laps,
and lay your heads upon their knee,
Think you for to play with Beautis paps,
and not to come and dance with me?
So, fair Lords and Ladies all,
I will make you come when I do call,
And finde you a Pipe to dance withall.

And you that are busie-headed fols,
to brabble for a pelting straw,
Know you not that I have ready tols
to cut you from your crafty Law?
And you that falsely buy and sell,
And think you make your Markets well,
Must dance with death wheresoe'r you dwell.

Pride must have a pretty shet, I say,
for properly she loves to dance,
Come away my wanton wench to me,
as gallantly as your eye doth glance:
And all god fellows that flash and swash
In rees and yellowes of rebell dash,
I warrant you need not be so rash.

For I can quickly cool you all,
how hot or stout soever you be,
Both high and low, both great and small,
I nought do feare your high degre:
The Ladies faire, the Widdowes old,
The Champion stout, the Souldier bold,
Past all with me to earthly mold.

Therefore take time while it is lent,
Prepare with me your selves to dance,
Forget me not, your lives lament,
I come oft-times by sudden chance:
Be ready therefore, watch and pray,
That when my Minstrell Pipe doth play,
You may to Heaven dance the way.

Finis.

Can you dance the shaking of the Sheets,
a Dance that every one must do:
Can you trim it up with dainty sweets,
and every thing that longs thereto:
Make ready then your winding shet,
And see how yee can bestir your set,
For Death is the man that all must met.

Bring away the Begger and the King,
and every man in his degre,
Bring away the old and youngest thing,
come all to Death and follow me:
The Courtier with his lofty looks,
The Lawyer with his learned Books,
The Banker with his baiting hooks.

Merchants, have you made your Part in
in Italy, and all about? (France,
Know you not that you and I must dance,
both our heels wrapt in a clout,
What mean you to make your houses gay,
And I must take the tenant away,
And dig for your sake the clods of clay?

Think you on the solemn Dizes past,
how suddenly in Oxfordshire
I came and made the Judges all agast,
and Justices that did appeare:
And took both heil and saram away,
And many a worthy man that day,
And all their bodie brought to clay,

Think you that I dare not come to Schools,
where all the cunning Clerks be most:
Take I not away both wife and fols:
and am I not in every Coast?

Printed for F. Coles, J. VVright, T. Vere, and VV. Gilbertson,